

THE LOWELL OFFERING.

OCTOBER, 1844.

TRUTH'S PILGRIMAGE.

CONTINUED.

THE gentle and graceful dignity of manner, the refined elevation of sentiment, the frank sincerity, the winning simplicity, the undeviating justice in all things, the kindness of heart, the deep reverence for the CREATOR, the love of mankind, the remembrance of all duties however trifling, combined with that perfect charity which "hopeth all things, and seeketh not her own," won for our lone stranger the profound respect and ardent interest of all who associated with him.

His ready command of every language, and his intelligence in all knowledge, save that connected with historical incidents, excited both surprise and admiration. And his ignorance of history was attributed to policy for the more effectual concealment of his interest in present events, that accident might never betray his secret. Thus by his own imagination his patron was self-deceived; and this concatenation of facts and fancy the more confirmed his first impressions as to the quality of his guest. And deeming it beneath the birth of the illustrious stranger, he objected to Truth's self-elected appointment of tutor to his fair daughters. But as Truth insisted that it was a pleasure to direct their studies, the question was not further discussed, and they were allowed to profit by his instruction.

Long and pleasant was our wanderer's stay in that noble and amiable family; and as it is human nature to assimilate to those with whom we associate upon terms of intimacy, the protector, perchance, was more benefited than the *protege*. The one found repose from physical suffering and an arena for action where by example he could effect something towards his mission on earth. The other unwittingly became the recipient of pure and noble precepts, which taught reverence for the DEITY, and active love for mankind. And these truths, inculcated without the disheartening display of affected superior sanctity, and by one not "set apart by the world to minister those things which give life," and enforced by constant practice, fell "as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion, where the LORD commanded the blessing, even life forevermore."

Time passed; and an accidental occurrence awoke Truth from a dream in earth, but a reality in Heaven. That sympathy which dignifies human nature, and is the being of divine existence—which in earth concentrates upon one, but in Heaven is felt by all for all—which is the essence of a

noble soul, and the necessity of a selfish one—which is awakened sooner and thrills with more fervent ardor in the “pure in heart,” and in them is unshackled by the selfishness which detracts from its intensity in the hearts of the less pure and exalted, had awakened in Truth’s bosom and concentrated upon one of his fair pupils. He had long been aware that the influences by which he was surrounded breathed something of the bliss of the celestial sphere; but in the simplicity of his nature, and in his ignorance of the peculiarities of an earthly passion, he had not understood that humanity entailed pain even in emotions heavenly. The restlessness caused by a deprivation of the presence of the loved object, he could comprehend; but if he could be by her side, hear the music of her voice, and gaze into her soul-speaking eyes, he could not realize any thing of pain or pleasure connected with the beloved beyond.

But this state of things could not remain unnoticed, or uncanvassed in duenna England. His patron, naturally generous, and the more elevated in his sentiments by his association with Truth, waited for the avowal and solicitation of his consent, for he was assured by the nobleness of his guest’s character, that he would not seek his daughter’s affections unless sanctioned by her parent’s approval. The considerations of wealth he was willing to waive, if upon the acknowledgment of the real name of his guest he found that in birth he was a fitting match for his high-born daughter. He waited anxiously for Truth to broach the subject and avow his birth and rank, but time brought no change, and his duty as a father compelled him to forget his delicacy and ask our wanderer in plain terms his intentions.

“My intentions!” repeated Truth, in amazement; and he fell into a reverie. And then continued as if but thinking aloud: “My mission on earth is to promote the good of mankind. As an unknown wanderer it has been void. Has my FATHER conducted me here that I may connect myself with his earthly children, and from this centre irradiate the truths I would promulgate? Does earth contain emotions so near allied to Heaven’s own bliss? My FATHER! the praise be THINE!” And he bowed in silent adoration. After this silent communing, he turned to his patron: “If,” said he, “your daughter feels that deep sympathy for me which I am now aware that I do for her, it is proper, according to the customs of earth, that we marry. As it is my better nature to love all the beings whom my heavenly FATHER has created, I did not realize the deeper feeling which has arisen in my heart toward her—now I comprehend it. You are aware that I am without wealth and possessions—dependent upon your bounty; and as I have not learned how men gain money, I shall be obliged to remain so.”

“My daughter’s fortune is independent,” rejoined the Englishman, “and whatever settlements I might justly claim and anticipate from her husband I shall not consider, if a union with you is necessary for her happiness. But—but—you do not forget that I am ignorant of your birth and real name. As you have shown yourself,” he continued, hurriedly, “both noble and honorable, I do not doubt but that your blood is as pure as your sentiments and manners are correct and gentlemanly; yet I must know of your connexions and birth before I can consent to your union with Clarence.”

“My name!” repeated Truth, in astonishment. “My blood and connexions! I do not comprehend. I have another name, but it is not for

earth ; and the present one received your approbation when your friend suggested it."

"Certainly," rejoined the nobleman, "none could have been better under those circumstances. But you must know, without my saying it, that an obscure Mr. Smith would not be a fitting husband for the Lady Clarence B——. Wealth I do not insist upon ; but birth is indispensable. There is not in England purer blood than runs in our veins, and it never has been crossed with a commoner."

"What my blood and birth has to do with the question we were discussing I do not well see," replied Truth ; "but I believe my blood is as good and pure as any person's. Temperance, sobriety, cleanliness, regular hours and simple diet do not engender diseases of the body, and that I practice all of these requirements of health, you are already aware ; and as for my name, if you did not give it you certainly approved of it, and I know no cause why it is not as good now as then. It may not be as euphonious as some—"

"Mr. Smith, (if I still am to call you so,)" interrupted the irritated nobleman, "this is not a subject for you to be facetious upon ; I am serious, and have desired to be very generous with you in consideration of your unparalleled worth ; but an unknown adventurer, with a name only of convenience, cannot unite with my family." Then noticing the expression of pain which rested upon Truth's countenance, he continued : "I repeat, I desire to be generous and open with you and waive every consideration where imperative duty to my posterity does not interfere. There is so much modern nobility that almost every family in the kingdom has become mixed with the plebeian extraction ; and the few who are left owe it to themselves and their country not to permit the members of their own families to degenerate with base blood. I have inherited an escutcheon without a stain, and it shall descend as pure from me to my descendants. My ancestors were second to none but William himself, when he entered England."

"William who?" asked Truth, puzzled to know whether his patron was in a fever raving, or whether he meant this *tirade* as serious.

"William the Conqueror!" responded the nobleman, in a sharp tone, for he was beginning to lose his patience with poor unsophisticated Truth for what he deemed his irreverent trifling.

"That was the name of the great robber whose history I was reading but a short time since," said Truth, with all simplicity.

"Sir, I need not suggest to you that we hardly make robber and conqueror synonymous terms," interrupted the nobleman, proudly.

"And yet," rejoined Truth, mildly, "William the Norman conquered the Saxons, and took possession of their homes and lands by force, and that constitutes robbery, for neither he nor his followers had any claims, save those which were founded upon their superior prowess ; and surely you will not contend that strength is justice?"

"But in that half-civilized era, superior strength and skill in arms constituted the only tribunal of appeal," returned the nobleman, half apologetical.

"But I thought you referred to your ancestors as a matter of pride?" persisted Truth.

"I did, sir," rejoined the nobleman, haughtily, "and if you cannot understand that pride which an ancient and noble lineage may give to birth, our conference is at an end, and I need not add more."

"Your remarks are enigmatical," replied Truth. "I do not comprehend what honor or excellence you may arrogate in tracing your ancestry through successive wrong, sin and oppression to a brave robber; but if you desire a corresponding lineage in me to entitle me to unite with your family, I have none to show. My ties in earth are sympathy with mankind, and a desire to advance their rational happiness. No descent, however illustrious, can ennoble me; and no one, however humble, but has a brother's claims upon me as long as he remains 'pure in spirit.'"

"And I have no sympathy with your ultra radicalism," rejoined the nobleman; "and from what has been said, it is scarce necessary for me to add that you must not see Clarence again, and that we part."

"Not see Clarence again!" exclaimed Truth in a tone of deepest agony, unmindful of the presence of her father. "Not see Clarence again! nor hold communion with her pure spirit! Earth, indeed, is the abode of wretchedness and wo created by falsehood and injustice! The body, which 'is of dust and returns to dust again,' men have made *the* man, and have forgotten the immortal emanation from JEHOVAH. Are THY creatures so perverted?" he continued, addressing the God of the living. "FATHER, forgive them, for they know not how they pervert THY gift of life;" and he turned and sought his own apartments. "Not see Clarence again!" was the suffering thought that struggled in his bosom. "Oh, earth!" he exclaimed, as his eye caught his form reflected in a mirror, "canst thou separate and bind spirits? Art thou but the fetters and prison-house of the soul's longings and aspirations? keeping it from the embrace of its kindred thought and feeling. Yet," he continued in the language which one of the gifted daughters of England has since wove into the poesy of her song—

"'Tis well—for earth were too like Heaven,
If length of life to love were given.'"

And then as faith pointed heavenward he rose triumphant. And as the poet has often caught the spirit of his inspiration, one of America's sons has since written the closing words of the song of hope which then rose from his lips.

"I shall pass away,
And in the light of heaven shake off this cumbrous load of clay,
And meet the lost, the loved of earth, and meet each kindred breast
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

And did the Lady Clarence grieve for the spirit which from childhood had been her monitor, tutor and companion? Perchance so; but the Lady Clarence was a daughter of earth, and it is their task, after the first dream of youth, to learn to suffer, to become callous, cold, to forget, or die. Either were a sad fate for one so good, beautiful and true; but the Lady Clarence, with all the noble blood in her veins, was not exempt from the common fate of woman; and she lived in an era when the seeming was more prominent than the true—when, although Truth was in earth; yet his example and admonitions were futile beside the giants of prejudice and hollow fashion.

"And whither shall I go?" was the inquiry which suggested itself to Truth when his thoughts turned from the present to contemplate the future. He had now learned much of the history of earth, but he judged of facts not through the false medium which dimmed man's vision; and his im-

pressions were equally at fault with the professed good and the boasted wrong of mankind. To him a conqueror of possessions not his own was a robber—a patriot, a lover of his country—and a philanthropist, a lover of his kind. And his thoughts turned to that land where “all men” had been declared “born free and equal,” and each recognized in the fact of his manhood—where civil and religious liberty was guarantied all the inhabitants, and where love of God, *truth* and justice had thrown off the trammels and claims which made the mass only the purveyors of ease to the few. To America, where liberty overshadowed her chosen people, Truth turned his wandering gaze. God help him! He understood the spirit and declarations of the institutions, but he had yet to learn that even there men administered and regulated its government, laws and social intercourse as they “*understood it*,” without much regard to the primeval spirit of their declarations. That there, also, inherited prejudices and cultivated selfishness were the continued sources of wrong, oppression and suffering. God help him! But we will not anticipate his trials.

His patron was too generous and noble to allow him to depart as destitute as he found him, and as he had learned Truth’s intention of going to America, he sent and engaged his passage and provided bountifully the many necessities which he was aware from the simplicity of his *protege*, would be unprovided. And as he bade him adieu, he presented him with several letters of introduction and recommendation to his transatlantic friends and acquaintances, and also a valuable note upon the Bank of England for his future assistance. Truth received the letters and gave his assurance of their speedy delivery after his arrival, as if his patron was the person to be obliged.

“What is this?” he inquired, intently regarding the note which he held in his hand.

“A token of my gratitude for your many valuable services, and a small provision for your future necessities,” answered his patron.

“You mistake, sir,” rejoined Truth; “the Bank of England does not owe me any thing;” and he placed the note upon the table, and departed.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP! there’s music in the word;
It hath a lulling tone;
No dissonance is ever heard
Where Friendship dwells alone;
But sweet seraphic harmony
Is heard in every strain and key.

’Tis Friendship cheers the blazing hearth
Where kindred bosoms meet;
It adds a zest to social mirth,
And makes communion sweet.
’Tis Friendship bids the tear-drop start
From its deep fount when friends depart.

Parent it is of righteous deeds
 From Virtue's altar warm ;
 The hungry, aching soul it feeds,
 And clothes the naked form,
 Where'er the sufferer's wail is heard,
 Sweet Friendship speaks a soothing word.

When, from the paths of Wealth or Fame,
 Our wayward fortune turns,
 This antidote for every pain
 Like holy incense burns ;
 Upon Affection's kindling shrine
 A vestal flame and all benign.

Even love, that burns intensely bright,
 "Immaculate divine,"
 Shines with more pure and lasting light
 When kindled at its shrine.
 Misfortune Love would ne'er survive,
 Did Friendship keep it not alive.

There are on earth, we fondly think,
 Scenes with enjoyment rife,
 Where the unsated soul may drink
 The generous wine of life.
 This nectar Friendship's hand doth bring
 In golden bowls from Virtue's spring.

Dear friend, whose many virtues gem
 The blooming May of youth,
 Oh ! wear thou Friendship's diadem,
 The signature of Truth :
 And never recklessly design
 To pluck a gem from Friendship's shrine.

M. R. G.

A SKETCH.

WHAT poet has not sung of Italia's sunny skies, or feasted upon visions of her glorious beauty ? Or who, that has a living soul, has not found some conceptions, however faint they may be, of her deep blue heaven, her silver streams, her maidens, her vineyards, her music ? Italy ! that land where cluster the thrilling inspirations of olden time ; that land, guarded by the shade of the wise and brave, whose soil is hallowed by the breathings of poesy, and embalmed by a spirit of living beauty ! Hail ! far-famed Italy !

Thus soliloquized Mr. Irwin, an American gentleman, as he landed in Venice, that city of magnificence and grandeur. Weary of a spot where the tenderest ties of life were left bleeding, and where he had consigned a beloved wife and infant to the cold grasp of the destroyer, he bade it farewell for a season, to regain, in a blander clime, health, cheerfulness, and vigor. With him came a bright being, who was now the star of his existence, his only earthly idol, his Mary. Partly for her sake it was, that he had sought a foreign shore, in order that the unfolding powers of her mind might have full scope for exercise in the varied succession of

new objects, and her enthusiastic love for the lofty and beautiful be gratified. Possessing much of her father's originality of mind, his lofty spirit, depth of thought, and grandeur of conception, she yet mingled with these the deep-toned pensiveness, at times approaching to melancholy, which gave an added sweetness to her sunny smile, and beamed in a ray of more liquid light from her full dark eye. Hers was a spirit which might mingle with the gross and error-stained of earth, and yet remain unsullied; for with them it had no affinity. Endowed with a character so nearly resembling her father's, tempered with such pensive sweetness, it is not strange that on her should be lavished his warmest affection; nor that she should as ardently, and truly return them. It was not strange, I said, that she should thus return them, for, though many who knew her not might deem her proud, and void of that depth of feeling which is life's brightest sunshine, her heart was keenly alive to love and sympathy. Naturally extremely delicate and sensitive, she shrunk from having her feelings scanned by the curious and penetrating, with whom she might chance to come in contact, until gradually there gathered around her an air of coldness and reserve, mingled with something like haughtiness, which served to keep at a distance minds of lower stamp and feeling, so that she moved among them in her queenly pride—*among them*, but not *of them*.

The deep heavings of her spirit's tide were concealed from the noisy world around, and none but the OMNISCIENT might fathom its depths. She felt that in her bosom vibrated chords which awakened no echoing sound in other hearts—that there slept sealed fountains that must slumber for aye, and treasures that must ever be hidden, for lack of some kindred spirit to call them forth, to mingle with theirs. And thus it was, that, in her loneliness of spirit, she would turn aside and commune with Nature's own mysterious self, and drink, from the light of the holy stars on high, a balm to tranquilize her throbbing spirit. To her all nature was one vast page, traced with characters of living beauty, and radiant with light and loveliness. Whichever way she turned, whether to Nature in her gentler features, or in her wilder moods, all was beautiful; she loved it all. The fresh breath of the morning, which scarcely ruffled the dew-drop on the cheek of the rose, was to her inspiration; and evening's misty mantle brooded over her spirit, like some good angel, bidding it stretch the wing of daring thought, and soar beyond heaven's wide concave, to those fair realms where blight and sorrow never come. And by the ocean—the dark blue ocean, when the tempest lashed it into fury, and the white foam dashed madly on the shore, there she felt at home—there she loved to dwell.

With tastes and feelings such as these, it may be imagined with what ardent enthusiasm she first beheld the Italian shores, stretching far away in the blue distance: it was to her a new world; and when, soon after their arrival, her father selected a lovely spot in the valley of the Arno for their temporary residence, Mary deemed that nothing was wanting to complete her happiness. Her mornings were devoted to study, or spent in reading to her father, whose delight it was to watch her expanding faculties, and to lend his aid in their development. They often repaired to a sylvan bower, standing on the margin of a glassy lake, where they spent hours in the study of classic lore. To this spot Mary would often repair with her lute, when the gray shades of evening stole over the water which bore on its bosom the moon's lovely image, and when imbued with the softness of the scene, she would pour forth a strain of melting music,

which stole across the lake like an echo from fairy-land. At such times the poet's gift was hers, and she would pour forth, in words that burned, thoughts and feelings which had long lain deeply buried in her heart, and which naught but song might embody. Oh, the spiritual happiness of those hours!

Mary was in the midst of gay and fashionable society, with which she was often called to mingle, but it possessed few charms for her: happier, far happier, was she in her bower by moonlight, communing with her own heart, than when mingling with the thoughtless crowd that thronged the halls of fashion. Their heartless formality and trifling was as a fetter to her young spirit—she longed to be free. Yet, among those whom Mr. Irwin's taste and genius had drawn around him, and who often sought his residence, and met around his board, Mary found occasionally kindred spirits with whom she loved to mingle, whose tastes and feelings were like her own. And at the social dinner hour, when men of letters and talent often met around Mr. Irwin's table, he felt proud that Mary was the soul of the circle, that her wit and vivacity formed its chief attraction.

"Mary," said her father, as they stood one evening on the margin of the lake, "it is fortunate you did not join the pleasure party of to-morrow, as your remaining at home gives you an opportunity of seeing a young English artist, who, in his tour through Italy and the south of France, spends a few days in our vicinity to sketch the ruins of that ancient chateau on the right bank of the river. His splendid talents procure for him a welcome reception wherever he goes. As a poet, his fame has already extended across the Atlantic, and his paintings, which have gained for him a high rank in that art, prove that his is a soul of no mean capacity."

"Really, my dear father," replied the laughing girl, scattering around her the fragments of a rose, as she spoke, which she had been busily employed in picking to pieces, "you have excited in me quite a curiosity to see this rising luminary of the literary firmament. When shall it be gratified?"

"To-morrow," was the reply, "should his health permit. He has recently been suffering from a severe affection of the lungs, occasioned by his exposure on the passage. Being in imminent danger while crossing the channel, his gallant exertions to save his fellow-passengers had nearly consigned him to a watery grave. But, see! the silver-browed moon, shrouding itself behind those sable clouds in the west, proclaims the hour of repose. Good night, my love, and may He, who never slumbereth nor sleepeth, guard you ever."

Thus saying, and imprinting a kiss on her marble brow, he left her. While Mary, after giving one more look at the lovely scene before her, and a passing thought to the young artist who had been the subject of their conversation, retired to her peaceful slumbers. M. A.

This sketch appears to be an introduction to something which may be very interesting. Will not M. A. introduce us to the artist, and inform us of the more recent adventures and fate of the young lady?
ED.

THE SONG OF THE SHOE.

So many lays are sung in praise
Of all that's good and right,
That I believe mankind receive
In praising much delight.

If I could sing of anything
Ne'er sung about before,
Such rhymes I'd string each voice would sing
With loud and jovial roar.

But every man, of every clan,
Has more than justice had;
Each beast and bird has praises heard,
Unless 'twas very bad.

Of every root, and flower, and shoot,
King Solomon once sung;
Of Fire and Light, of Death and Night,
Have modern praises rung.

Why should I dream of some new theme?
When all assert it true—
The infidel will even tell
That—"there is nothing new."

Yet may not I for once just try
My lyre to string anew;
For no one yet, that I e'er met,
Has sung THE RUBBER SHOE.

Ah! many a maid, who's ne'er afraid
Of one man, or of two,
Would never dare to face the air,
At eve, without this shoe.

When summer showers wash earth and flowers,
What can a fair girl do,
If she's without a thick and stout
Elastic Rubber Shoe?

To stay within, and knit or spin,
When all without's inviting,
When rainbows glow, and fresh streams flow,
And gems the scene are lighting.

When hie away! and skip! and play!
Are what we all would do;
We'd stay at home, and fear to roam,
But for the Rubber Shoe.

And when we hear that spring is near,
With skies so bright and blue,
We always bless, from heart's recess,
The India Rubber Shoe.

Though poets sing of lovely spring,
She's always mud or dew;
And we our feet could ne'er keep neat
But for the Rubber Shoe.

And we can go through melting snow,
And slippery streets walk through,
And trip so nice o'er glowing ice,
With an India Rubber Shoe.

Our grand-ma'ams sure did much endure—
 How much they scarcely knew—
 Their feet they wet, and colds did get,
 For want of a Rubber Shoe.

In days "lang syne" the sun did shine
 Upon a world of mud,
 And green trees grew, and one dove flew,
 Where no one ever stood.

And Noah's wife had blessed her life,
 I think, for one good view
 Of that which we so thankless see—
 An India Rubber Shoe.

And Noah's girls had giv'n their curls
 If Japhet, Ham, and Shem
 Could have some boots—if not *sur-touts*,
 Some *over-shoes* for them.

For, from the ark, a beauteous park
 This earth looked to that crew;
 Only 'twas wet, to their regret,
 And not a Rubber Shoe.

But I must not go back a jot
 To Gentile or to Jew;
 But close this song, which is so long,
 About the Rubber Shoe.

It rhymes with pew, and rhymes with grew,
 And rhymes with glue, and blew;
 It rhymes with hue, and rhymes with slew,
 With few, and with imbue.

It rhymes with stew, and rhymes with sew,
 With queue, and *mew*, and *wheW*!
 And I could screw, I surely knew,
 A song from a Rubber Shoe.

JUNE, 1844.

THE HOSPITAL.

INSTEAD of being thankful for having a home provided for us in sickness, we are raising continually our objections against an establishment every way calculated for our comfort and convenience; and, when all other resources fail, exclaim, "You know I always hated the name of a hospital."

Hospital! What can there be in the name so odious, so disgusting? We often hear this objection, "I do not like the physician." Why not? "Well—I—I—he says right off what he means."

Hear, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth! What a reason!

Again: "There are evil intentions at the bottom; when a patient dies, the corpse is conveyed to a separate building for something." Well, for what? "O you know for what." Let us visit the cemetery. Here we behold a tomb with an enclosure, which, aside from the hospital, is an honor to the company, and what do we suppose this is for? Is it not to receive our remains until friends can be summoned to remove them to our

distant home ; or, if they choose, inter them within the enclosure ? What more could have been done to allay suspicion than has been done ? How thankful then ought we to be for a home in sickness, away from the clatter of machinery, where we can inhale air as pure as the breath of heaven, away from the noise and bustle of a boarding-house, for noise there must be which it is impossible to prevent. How many there are, away from home, among strangers, without any friends but those whom money can procure, to watch over them in sickness ; and yet they will be influenced by such unreasonable objections, and remain in their boarding-house to suffer, perhaps die, rather than avail themselves of this blessing—a home at the hospital.

Methinks I hear some one exclaim, “How unreasonable to suppose we would let each other suffer.” Do what we may there are sufferings we cannot prevent. How often while rent with anguish almost insupportable, will the sound of half a dozen voices fall on the ear singing in a distant tenement—there are wheels in the streets, and a thousand other noises which serve to disturb and distress the patient. This we cannot prevent. Are we not more likely to receive attention from those whose business it is to administer to our wants, than from those who are not at all interested in our welfare ?

A home in sickness ! Laugh at this who will, for such it is, and such we ought to esteem it, also to respect and honor those who have done so much for us. In conclusion, permit one who knows to say, that nothing but the voice of kindness greets the ear ; every indulgence is granted which it is reasonable for a patient to receive ; and never, while life remains, or memory retains its power, shall I forget the kindness received while at that so-called hateful place—the *hospital*. A PATIENT.

We are not personally acquainted with the writer of this communication, but doubt not her ability to judge correctly and speak truly of the advantages of the hospital as a “home in sickness.” But we have several times been promised such an article from some of our acquaintance who have availed themselves of its comforts and attentions, and who wished to be instrumental in the removal of an unreasonable and very general prejudice. Want of time, or distrust of their own abilities, has probably prevented them from forwarding us the contemplated contribution. ED.

SABBATH BELLS.

Lo ! athwart yon distant height
Shoots the sun's resplendent light.
Waters blue and valleys green,
Glisten in the crystal sheen.
Earth awakes ; and men go forth,
Not to business, or to mirth ;
Not to strife for pomp or power ;—
Hushed is tumult—calm the hour.
Hark ! what breaks the quiet spell ?
'Tis the Sabbath morning bell.

Pealing through the breathless air,
Hear the summons, “Come to prayer !”
Nature greets her Lord with song ;—
Mortal, tune thy grateful tongue !

Come, ere earth pollutes each thought ;
 Be thy week-day cares forgot ;—
 Burst from sloth's debasing chain,—
 Hie thee to the hallowed fane,
 Where the HIGH AND LOFTY dwells !
 Ushered by the Sabbath bells.

Now the mellow light has gone,
 And the gentle stars look down
 Through the darkened sky aloft ;
 And the moonbeams, still and soft,
 Fall on tree, and dale, and hill.
 All is peaceful, solemn, still.
 List ! a faint—a far-off chime !
 'Tis the knell of holy time.
 And the spirit upward swells
 With the Sabbath evening bells.

"Come to prayer!" the last, low call.
 Come, while evening spreads her pall.
 Come ! the blessed moments haste !
 Thou must tread again life's waste.
 Earthly care and strife and scorn,
 Bury heavenly thoughts new born.
 Come, and in the house of prayer,
 Gather strength for every snare.
 Prayer and faith thy foes shall quell ;
 Heed the Sabbath evening bell !

When the morning breezes play,—
 Ringing in the sacred day ;
 Pealing loud at noonday bright ;
 Tolling through the gleaming light ;
 Echoing along the shore,
 Drowning ocean's billowy war ;
 Chiming from the city's spires ;
 From the hamlet's altar-fires ;
 Waking woods and lonely dells ;—
 Pleasant are the Sabbath bells.

Swift life's evening hasteth on.
 Soon a holier day shall dawn.
 When the ransomed just shall rise
 To their home in Paradise,
 It shall burst upon their sight,
 With a blaze for sense too bright.
 Ushered in by loftier praise,
 Than all earthly notes could raise,
 Where that endless Sabbath dwells,
 They will need no Sabbath bells.

L. L.

A MAN cannot take unto himself a better helpmate through life than Self-Confidence. It is always a cheerful companion—strengthening him for difficulties, and consoling him after failures and disappointments.

B A S H F U L N E S S .

"So sweet the blush of bashfulness,
E'en pity scarce could wish it less."

Byron.

No doubt the immortal poet imagined he was unfolding a great and glorious truth, when he penned these lines, but be it our province to show, from woful experience and observation, the utter sophistry contained therein. It awakens in our bosom every dormant principle of truth and veracity, to see his lordship perverting the godlike gift of poesy to convey sentiments such as this. And, gentle friends, deem me not self-sufficient, nor vain-glorious, thus to dispute the truth of the poet's maxim, for all Nature's children, from the hippopotamus to the humming-bird, (men included, and women also,) have a right to speak that they do know, and testify that they have seen, which is all that I purpose to do at this time.

His lordship, methinks, must have looked somewhat obliquely upon human nature as it is, or his spectacles have been a little dimmed by the mists of misanthropy, to have such mistaken ideas of sweetness. Sweetness, forsooth! Talk of the sunny skies and romantic scenery of Nova Zembla, or of soft repose on a couch of Canada thistles, but never speak of sweet bashfulness. One thing is certain, Byron was never qualified to judge from experience, and I should hardly judge from observation, else he could not refrain from pitying, if perchance that heavenly virtue abode in his bosom. Do you imagine his lordship ever beheld a bashful man seated bolt upright in his chair, with his hands and feet placed in all kinds of uncertain and doubtful attitudes, as if determined that they should, in some of their experiments, hit upon the proper and graceful one? Did he ever watch the profuse perspiration gathering upon his forehead, as he sat motionless, endeavoring to count the minutes, seemingly so long that Methuselah might have lived a dozen lives in each one of them? and notice him stammering and blushing, in reply to any plain simple question (particularly if the speaker chance to be a lady)?

Cowper (Heaven preserve his memory) seems to have had a perfect understanding of these things. He declares that "he pities bashful men, who bear the marks, upon a blushing face, of needless shame, and self-imposed disgrace," and then goes on to give a most pathetic description of their sufferings. The bashful portion of community ought, from motives of gratitude, to erect him a monument which shall immortalize his fame. Some, however, may tell us that Byron alludes particularly to the so-called better half of creation—the fair sex. If so, we have even less patience with him than before, and most heartily wish that he might be metamorphosed into a bashful girl, for a time at least, in order that he might have an opportunity to know something of "*sweet bashfulness*." I could never perceive any very peculiar grace or sweetness in the flush that rises upon a bashful person's cheek; and as for the confusion and embarrassment they experience, defend me from them.

The faint-heartedness of the coward upon the field of battle, the perplexity of the miser, who has been robbed of the boarded treasures of years, or even the sullen desperation of a condemned criminal on his way to the gallows, are as nothing in comparison. Many of your bashful young ladies would much prefer a bare-footed pilgrimage to Mecca, or a rambling

excursion to the coral groves in the depths of the sea, to a half-hour's conversation with a stranger. The intense effort to speak when ideas and even words, monosyllables, polysyllables and all, fly from you as on the wings of the wind, and, whenever you can, by a fortunate accident, seize a sentence by one corner, and send it floating upon the air, the awful pause that succeeds, together with the crimson tinge that will, spite of yourself, mount to your burning cheek and brow, all these items together form such an aggregate of misery that any heart of common sensibility must surely wish it less. And whatever Byron may say to the contrary, I contend that bashful persons are entitled to the pity and sympathy of the entire community.

M. A. D.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OFFERING.

Boston, July —, 1844.

MISS FARLEY: Having become quite ill by confinement and over work in the factory, I have been passing some weeks in Boston, in hopes thereby to regain my health. I think the bracing effects of the east wind, fresh from the ocean, is of great benefit to me, notwithstanding the Bostonians complain of the frequency of their winds, which prevail here at all seasons. I have seen much to admire, much to surprise, and much to grieve me since I left Lowell.

First, I have admired the many noble buildings that ornament the city, its fine cleanly streets, its beautiful park, or common, as it is called, and its noble harbor, dotted here and there with green isles of fairy-like beauty, and its broad bosom bearing tokens of commercial prosperity. I have counted more than fifty sail at one time, with their snowy wings spread to the breeze, and their prows up-ploughing the smooth waters of the bay.

The numerous curiosities offered to the attention of strangers in the city have afforded me some surprise from their singularity. For instance, it is odd enough to witness the process of hatching eggs by steam. I have seen this with some curiosity, as you may well suppose. I have enjoyed, too, a very interesting and instructive visit to the Museum in Tremont street. I am informed that it is unsurpassed by any like establishment in the Union. Immediately under the Museum there is now exhibiting a STEAM GUN, capable of discharging an almost incredible number of balls per minute. Can you realize that gunpowder is to be superseded by steam?

I have said that I have seen much to grieve me. There is poverty in this great city. There is vice here too. I think I may say that there are thousands of the poorer classes of females here who obtain their bread by the most unholy and vicious lives. I speak advisedly, for I have been observant, and am told that in the southern cities this vice far exceeds that of Boston in proportion to the number of the inhabitants. This is a horrible state of society.

I saw, yesterday, from the cupola of the house where I reside, the arrival of a steam packet (the Hibernia) at this port, from Liverpool. I watched her coming from the moment she was telegraphed at the Merchants' Exchange, she being then at forty miles distance from the wharves.

I could first observe her location by the long narrow cloud of smoke that skirted the horizon in the distance, and at length could discern the black hull and fiery-red smoke-pipe of the royal mail packet, walking up the harbor as it were on feet of foam, and with breath of fire. It was a noble sight to see this huge craft crowded with foreigners and "homeward-bound" Americans: the former looking perhaps for the first time upon a free republican city, and the hearts of the latter throbbing to the tune of "Sweet Home." I observed that the United States ship-of-the-line Ohio, which was anchored in the bay, lowered the American ensign three times as the steamer passed her, in answer to a like movement on board the British packet. I was pleased to see this nautical interchange of good feeling between the United States and British flags.

I am glad to know of the continued prosperity of the Offering. It is designed to promote the interests of the operative, and a liberal public will sustain it.

Affectionately your friend, E. A. E.

THE WASTED FLOWERS.

ON the velvet bank of a rivulet sat a rosy child. Her lap was filled with flowers, and a garland of rose-buds was twined around her neck. Her face was as radiant as the sunshine that fell upon it; and her voice was as clear as that of the bird which warbled at her side.

The little stream went singing on, and with every gush of its music the child lifted a flower in its dimpled hand, and with a merry laugh threw it upon its surface. In her glee she forgot that her treasures were growing less, and with the swift motion of childhood, she flung them upon the sparkling tide, until every bud and blossom had disappeared. Then, seeing her loss, she sprang to her feet, and, bursting into tears, called aloud to the stream—"Bring back my flowers!" But the stream danced along, regardless of her tears; and, as it bore the blooming burden away, her words came back in a taunting echo, along its reedy margin. And, long after, amid the wailing of the breeze, and the fitful bursts of childish grief, was heard the fruitless cry—"Bring back my flowers!"

Merry maiden! who art idly wasting the precious moments so bountifully bestowed upon thee—see in the thoughtless impulsive child our emblem of thyself. Each moment is a perfumed flower. Let its fragrance be dipped in blessings on all around thee, and ascend as sweet incense to its beneficent GIVER.

Else, when thou hast carelessly flung them from thee, and seest them receding on the swift waters of Time, thou wilt cry in tones more sorrowful than those of the weeping child—"Bring back my flowers!" And thy only answer will be an echo from the shadowy Past—"Bring back my flowers!"

ROTHA.

A PRAYER IN AFFLICTION.

WEARY with grief I come to THEE,
My FATHER and my GOD,
Submissive I would wait THY will,
And kiss THY chastening rod.

I would be THINE, be wholly THINE,
Still lean upon THY word,
And trust THEE in my darkest hours,
My Friend, my Helper, GOD.

O wilt THOU deign to stay my grief,
If it seem best to THEE,
And give my mind some sweet relief,
If it be stayed on THEE.

If it be not, O lead me, LORD,
Into THY chosen way,
And keep, O keep my sinful heart,
That I may never stray.

And when on earth my stay is o'er,
And Death shall call for me,
Then may my spirit upward soar,
To rest, in heaven, with THEE.

LAURA.

A U T U M N .

THE glory of summer is departing, and the winds and frosts of autumn are fast approaching. Soon the gay blooming flowers, and rich foliage, will become withered and dead; the green freshness be changed for the sere and yellow leaf; and hushed will be the music of birds. To most minds this season of the year is associated with feelings of sadness and gloom. Is it not that we behold therein a representation of our own destiny? that in the decay of the beauties of nature there is presented so striking an emblem of moral desolation, of fading joys, of blighted hopes and withered affections? Though the moral world has its season of decay, yet unlike the natural, it has no returning spring; the human heart once blighted will never revive; and if hope be withered by the chilling frosts of adversity, it will never bloom again in its original freshness. The time of birds and flowers will return, and earth be again arrayed in the glowing beauties of spring. But if the delicate flowers of innocence and virtue be withered, and their fragrance departed, no dews of sympathy or kindness will revive them, and what sun will ever restore *them* to life? And when in sorrow we have garnered our own cherished ones in the grave, how long is the winter which rests upon them. But to the winter of the tomb, long and mournful as it is, there will come a succeeding spring. The period will arrive when that which is sown in sadness shall be raised to bloom in unfading beauty. And in that better world to which we look forward in bright anticipation, even the *fear* of blight and decay will be unknown.

E. D.

EDITORIAL.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME. We have been waiting more than a week to find ourself in a mood to write a formal valedictory, and now that we can wait no longer, we find ourself less than ever disposed to do any thing of the kind. We will not attempt any thing labored or elegant. We will merely give to our readers an informal statement of some of our affairs, and trust that they will excuse the absence of elegance or method.

Among the circumstances which have afforded us much gratification and encouragement, has been the interest which the Offering has awakened in England. It seems to us that we have done great good—that even our feeble words may have much weight in the cause of true democracy, of truth, justice, and oppressed humanity.

We give the following extract from a note recently sent us. "The Lowell Offering is probably exciting more attention in England, than any other American publication. It is talked of in the political as well as literary world. In the great contest which is going on between the agricultural and manufacturing interests, it is quoted and discussed. It has given rise to a new idea—that there may be "mind among the spindles;" and as a natural consequence that it is entitled to legislative consideration. It is doing not a little to give the English a juster opinion of our New England character and institutions. The book is a stubborn fact, a proof of what was deemed fabulous, and politicians and literati speculate about the state of society of which such are the fruits.—In Manchester, a few months since, an association was formed by the young men of the city, principally clerks and overseers, similar in plan to, and suggested by, the "Improvement Circle." Singing societies, too, have been established, and Mechanics' Institutes dispense instruction and amusement. But for the female operatives these are all useless and unappreciated. A horse-race is far more attractive, and the mills in Manchester were stopped last month two or three days during the races, so that all might attend. Contrast this with your thronged lyceums, and the broad difference between the condition of the operatives in the two countries will be obvious, and the cause of the difference explained."

To our own operatives the idea will seem very strange that females should be willing to attend a horse-race, and to our employers it would be "a new thing under the sun" to allow their work-people two or three successive days for any amusement. In one other respect there is also a wide difference between the two countries. We allude to the intellectual superiority of the males of English manufacturing. In this place the females are, if not more intellectual, at all events more literary. And when they learn that their efforts for self-culture have been incitements to others in the same good cause, they will be encouraged for farther efforts. Our Improvement Circle has been very pleasant and interesting to those connected with it. We have only to regret that more of our female friends have not associated themselves with us. Our Circle is not an exclusive one. All can enter, upon compliance with the regulation to furnish one article, as short or long as they please, in a month. And to the many who have never joined us, but who have tastes and capacities equal to those of the contributors of our magazine, we would again extend a kindly invitation, and hope that the feelings, whatever their nature, which have prevented them from gratifying themselves, our readers, and, of course, ourself, may not be allowed an unworthy influence.

And what shall we say to those of our operatives who withhold from us their patronage, and exert all their influence in opposition to us, and to their own best interest? We feel that they have strangely mistaken us. They appear to think that we are false to them, and to our own professions of interest in their behalf and desire to do them good. And they seem to feel that the Offering writers would be a clique by themselves, and above their fellow-operatives. These suspicions are entirely groundless, and nothing but wilful ignorance and a perverse determination to stand aloof from us could sustain them in these unreasonable prejudices.

We have cause for complaint against the citizens of Lowell generally. We have not as many subscribers in this city as in Boston; and New York does for us even more than Boston. In Portland, Me., and Concord, N. H., we have more than half as many subscribers as we number at home. The New Yorkers and Down-

Easters have done nobly for us. For their generosity they have our grateful thanks, and may it meet its just reward. In Philadelphia, Baltimore, and many other distant places, we have our kind and earnest friends, whose good wishes and good deeds will not soon be forgotten. But all subscriptions out of New England have been obtained at an expense which leaves no profit, and we at the close of a hard year's labor find ourselves but ill paid for our exertions. While one of the proprietors has been roaming the country in quest of patrons, the other has been left alone to edit, publish, and bear as she might the burden of new cares and anxieties. Will not Lowell do something more for us? Will not the proprietors of our mills assist us? We cannot discontinue our work this year; we must go on; we will not fall down, but we should be very glad to sit down. We should like a respite from some of our labors, and cannot endure the thought of another year like the one which is just past.

To those subscribers who have been patiently waiting and hoping for some embellishments, we can only say, that if they should look in our treasury they would see the reason for their non-appearance, that is, if they have the faculty of making nothing visible.

Some kind letters of advice and encouragement have been sent us. For those not otherwise answered, we here return our sincere acknowledgments. One distinguished lady has written to us that she feared she saw in the September number of the Offering, "a tendency to depreciate the clerical order." Far would it be from us to depreciate them as an order. As the daughter of a clergyman, and of one whose moral character is as pure as the snow that glistens on an Alpine height, we have always been taught to look upon them with reverence and trust. And this, perhaps, is why we feel impatient and indignant when we learn of the hypocrite; when we see that profession is not always principle; when we know that the garb which we have looked upon as hallowed, has been used as the cloak for vice and crime. We would more willingly make public an abuse of this confidence a breach of this trust, that it may never take place again—that the impostor may be deterred from other deeds of darkness, and the unwary taught to guard against deception. We by no means think that hypocrisy is confined to the clerical order, or that they are the only ones who preach righteousness when the truth is not in them. And we do verily believe that the clergymen of our country, of all denominations, are to be respected for the good influence they exert, and the high standard they maintain. But that ministers may err, has been taught, not by the Lowell Offering, but by the records of our judicial courts, and by occurrences continually transpiring in common life. We have published as fiction that which we knew to be fact. If we have succeeded in exciting indignation at treachery and imposture, we hardly see how the contribution should have an immoral tendency. So far as religion consists in truth, justice, sincerity, philanthropy, and devotion to our heavenly FATHER, so far are the pages of the Offering devoted to its cause.

To the gentleman who writes requesting to know of the petty tyranny by which our female operatives are oppressed, we reply that we have never known any thing of the kind. Probably none of our female operatives attended the funeral of the late Mr. Boott, because his obsequies were performed in Boston, instead of Lowell. But we do not think any female was ever denied the privilege of leaving her mill labor to attend the funeral of a friend.

With every desire to do strict justice to all classes, whether connected, or not, with Lowell or any other factories, and hoping that our efforts in this cause may be looked upon with that charity which excuseth many mistakes, and looketh patiently for better things, we consent to appear again before our patrons as the editor of the Lowell Offering.

HARRIET FARLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, March —, 1844.

Miss Farley: I have delayed writing till this date, that I might be able to give you a full account of sayings and doings in this delightful city, up to the last moment of my stay. I leave on the morrow for New York, as my term of absence from "life's sober duties" has nearly expired. I very much regret the limitation, as another three months could be spent in your service with pleasure, if not with profit. I have been enjoying this delightful evening out of doors. Do you remember the description of a moonlight scene in the "Merchant of Venice," somewhat on this wise?

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep into our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
 But in his motion like an angel sings," &c.

If so, you can participate in the rich pleasures of this evening. Perhaps the thought that this is the last, the very last, I am to spend here, has given it its peculiar charm. Be that as it may, it will be to me a delightful spot, and memory's storehouse has a peg appropriated to the hanging up of this evening's events.

My stay, from first to last, has been marked by kindnesses, such as Philadelphians know how to bestow, and your friend to appreciate. I came a stranger, but leave with the consciousness of having won many friends; and, doubtless, "winged messengers" will often, hereafter, bear the kind wishes of those whose acquaintance it will ever give me pleasure to retain. I have endeavored to present facts in factory life, giving to every one as fair an impression of our northern system of labor as I am capable of doing; and can assure you, and through you our friends generally, that people abroad are deeply interested in the moral and intellectual improvement of Lowell operatives. My intercourse has been more particularly with persons of refined taste and high literary attainments, and universal approbation of the object of my mission has been awarded. While I have been enjoying the hospitalities of different families, the good work of gaining subscriptions has not been neglected. Those to whom I was favored with letters have taken a deep interest, and I am wholly indebted to them for my success in obtaining names so far. The firms of Hanson & Brothers, Parish & Price, and D. S. Brown & Co. have been very kind, as well as generous. The last-named firm (and, by the way, the *first* in point of wealth and liberality) have given fourteen dollars. Mr. Parish, of the firm of P. & P., obtained twenty-three names, beside his own generous contribution. I have five subscriptions for five copies each. For these I am indebted to W. R. Hanson & Brother. From this you may infer my effort has been both opportune and successful. It will be your part to thank these friends for their kindness, as I happen to belong to that class of persons who find grateful emotions inexpressible. With so much for business, let me relieve you by a partial description of pleasures enjoyed.

I told you of my visit to the "Water-Works." Through the politeness of Dr. Allen, I attended commencement at "Jefferson Institute." The services were quite new to me—the novelty consisting in the dubbing of M. Ds. One hundred and eighteen graduates. The orator of the day gave them what he called "just praise" for their proficiency and manly course of conduct during their attendance of three years. Through the politeness of the same, I have visited "Independence Hall," and sat in the chairs said to have been occupied by the signers of the Declaration, and felt my native dignity considerably increased as I reflected on my favored position. I also climbed the stairway to the tip-top of the steeple, which brought me much nearer the clouds than I ever expect to be again. Indeed, I must beg to be excused from climbing Jacob's, or any other ladder, if my sensations are to be the same as when I first looked from that fearful height. Fancy led me to Lilliput as I gazed on the pigmies below. At the base of the cupola hangs the bell which *toll'd* the story of American Independence. It was cracked some years since and taken down to be recast, but by a fortunate discovery it was saved from desecration. The bell bears an inscription quite in keeping with its office. It is this: "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, unto the inhabitants thereof."—Lev. xxv. 10. No one was aware of it, I believe, until it was sent to the founders; and why a subject of good King George should fancy such a passage is a mystery. The statement going the rounds of the papers in regard to the bell of St. Augustine's being the old State-house bell, is false. It still hangs, as above, in the cupola of the State-house, and has never been in possession of the Catholics.

Have also visited Girard College that is to be. It is at present in a most glorious state of uncertainty, so far as completion is concerned. A fit monument of its founder. This giving what we cannot longer keep, is, in my estimation, no charity; and bequests generally, though ostensibly benevolent, are but the last efforts of silly man to perpetuate his name.

I ought to have mentioned, ere this, my visit to the "Academy of Fine Arts," where are the celebrated paintings of West—"The trial of Jesus," "Christ healing

the sick," and "Death on the pale horse." "Christ healing the sick," was presented by Mr. West to the Pennsylvania Hospital, and has been exhibited until a sufficient sum has been raised to enlarge the hospital; and I have the impression that some thirty or forty poor persons are at present supported from its avails. The two hours spent there passed like a dream. I cannot possibly define the emotions excited by these pictures, and therefore decline the attempt.

But time would fail me in attempting to detail all the pleasant visits I have paid in and about the city. We have pleasant company at Jones's. A Mr. and Mrs. B., of Boston, have been here for a week. They are very kind. A young lady is stopping here from Ohio. We are quite good friends, and I anticipate the pleasure of her company to New York. A brother of hers graduates in April, from the Pennsylvania Institute. In my peregrinations I pass the market quite frequently. You would be pained as well as amused at the appearance of the "huckster women," as they are called. My friend, Dr. Campbell, says "fish-women" are the same is all ages, or at least since the days of Shakspeare, when they sat in Billingsgate. This remark was provoked by the stentorian voice of a woman(?) crying "Fish! fish!" with a basket of those articles on her head, as our Irish women carry bundles. Don't talk of *degradation* when you see a mill girl again, good folks. Why, she is a lady in comparison, and what is more, at the north and east I believe men are the only fish peddlers. The coarseness of language of the marketers is equalled only by their coarseness of feature. While I have been so richly enjoying this beautiful spring, I have frequently sent my thoughts homeward. Jack Frost is still nipping your fingers, I suppose, while here it is balmy as May. And then, too, the perfect leisure I have. At home it is hurry, hurry; while here it is quite after the pattern of the man "who came when he went, and did just as he pleased for all nobody."

There are multitudes in our goodly city, who are *alone* so far as kindred are concerned. They are with us, but not of us; alone in Nature's pleasant paths, though amid the rush of thousands; alone in joy; alone in sorrow; alone at the altar of their God; alone in hours of weakness and dependence; alone when the soul hungers for aliment never found in the selfish and sordid avocations of life; alone always; and for them I have wished I had the power to do something to relieve the painful monotony of their existence. The more conversant I am with the "big world," the more I am convinced of the strength of local prejudices. As a community, I think we are sadly at fault. We form our own circles for pleasure and interchange of friendly feelings, forgetful at the same time of the many whose weariness might be relieved by a small effort on our part, or a little self-denial. Ours is, to a great extent, a community of widows and orphans; and the bond of sympathy ought to be stronger when there is a commonality of afflictions. We (that is, every resident of a city like ours) are bound to alleviate as far as possible, the sufferings of others. And it seems to me, females having a like employ should have a like sympathy. The petty jealousies of position, etc., should be forgotten; and the fact that those about us are gathered from the corners of the earth in pursuit of the same object with ourselves, (i. e. a support,) should be a sufficient bar against clanships.

You must excuse my moodishness to-night. I am not always so very thoughtful, but you know sometimes one cannot help but feel "the world is one vast caravan."—But it is time to court the favor of Morpheus. Maybe he will send dreams of home and thee. I will finish and send from New York. Adieu.

NEW YORK, April —, 1844.

Safe here, and ready for home. Shall leave at six, A. M., Monday. Several of my Philadelphia friends called the morning of my departure. I did not forget, but neglected to mention my indebtedness to Dr. Warrington and family, together with sundry of his friends, for their interest and attention. Dr. A. came on board the boat, as we were ready for Camden. Good-bys are soon said, but not so soon forgotten. He was accompanied by Miss W., of Ohio. Arrived at New York about two o'clock, P. M., Friday. Found H. well, but rather sad at the prospect of being left alone in her labors. Would gladly stay with her, if I could. Mr. and Mrs. B. are at the Astor House, and will bear me company through the sound. Shall return via Hartford, Springfield, etc. So here ends my journal. If the descriptions I have been able to give you have proved wearisome, I would suggest as a relief to the same, the assurance I gave at the first, that I presumed my part of the journal—i. e. the enjoyment—would be by far the most agreeable. Avowing my readiness to serve you henceforth in all possible ways, and hoping to greet you soon "viva voce," I remain, as you have it in your quiet way, yours always, A. G. A.

